. THE DAILS EVENING TELECHARDS .- FILLADELPHIA. SATURDAY, JAPUARY 6, 1867.

VIEWS OF VIENNA.

Until a few years back no European capial, not even Rome herself, had resisted the narch of time like Vienna. The boundary where country ended and town began might still be traced along the low rampart over which Napoleon twice strode in triumph. After a traveller from the south or west had come to terms with the watch dogs of that feeble line of circumvallation, he had to thread the faubourgs of the Wieden or Mariahilf. From these endless and hideous suburbs he emerged, yawning with disappointment and latigue, not into the bright and crowded streets, but on to a belt of parched common, in summer terrible for sun and saud, in winter an almost impassable Malebolge of mud and snow. The grass was flat for a space, and then became a glacis, the slope of which being pierced at intervals by roads and paths, revealed in glimpses tiers of masonry and slanting turf, that told how some Austria's Vauban or Cormontaigne had made safe the city's ancient circuit in the days when the Turkish horsetalls fluttered on the kewast Buda, and the Spahis flaunted their scarlet gowns about the Blamberg and the Prater. From those curtains and bastions Solyman

the Magnificent had recoiled more than three centuries ago, when old Niclas Salm taught the Swabians to hold their own against the Ottoman power. Behind the crumbling covered way and half choked ditch, hung the front of the Imperial Burg, the palace of the Archduke Charles, and the tower of the Church of St. Augustine, while on the right soared into the clouds the airy but still imperfect steeple of the Cathedral of St. Stephen. A set of arched inlets burrowed under the Piano-nobile of the Burg gave entrance into a quadrangle, where stood charged and pointed a battery of brass guns, whose throats vawned towards a tunnel in the opposite wall of the palace. Plunging through this, the traveller reached the core of Vienna-a tangle of narrow and sordid streets, which, twisting about like serpents to right and left, struggled in tortuous courses down to the Danube, and on the other sides doubled back again to the glacis.

But even in Austria, Amurath does not forever succeed to Amurath. Mensdorff has at length followed upon Metternich. The K. K. myrmidons no longer exact the surgender of Bibles, daggers, and other carnal weapons. It is no longer necessary to show at the gates of Vienna , passport furnished with the signature of the well-known firm of Palmer & Son. The municipal ædiles have now, after years of parsimony, begun to beautify and enlarge then capital. Copying the plans prepared by the restless activity of the French invader in 1809, they have rescued the glacis from its mere military destination, laid flat the slope which mounted to the counterscarp's edge, filled up the ditch, thrown down the scarp, and thus improved the approaches from every quarter. On the glacis itself are the beginnings of a new region, which already boasts bridges of its own, and is gay with such gardens, lakes, temples, statues, as the city's exchequer can afford; while private and public palaces, sumptuous in color, gold, and sculpture, are springing up along a spacious boulevard well lined with trees, dotted with seats for the people's comfort, divided into alleys for different sorts of traffic, and, when night falls, Illuminated by the gas that blazes from a treble row of burners.

Yet ancient Vienna is not quite gone. In the inner city demolition and improvement are slow of foot. Though at every corner newspapers are freely hawked, though the military no longer swagger along the Graben as if they were the lords of the State, some signs of the Lustige Wien linger in the streets. Fiacres drive as sharply and as surely as of old. Idlers who will not work still hamper the passage of the industrious along the narrow pavements. Admiring crowds still run after the bands, which are the only certain glory of the Austrian army. Those who wisely seek still discover taps of tha excellent beer whose orient glow outshines the glitter

of Tokay. The best map of the general geography of the imperial capital is the colored face of a target. The gold is the inner city. The red ring around this is the glacis. The blue coil covers the suburbs. The black circle beyond covers the suburban villages. On the north the inner city is flanked by an artificial stream called the Danube Canal, which strikes the gold et a tangent, so that, on this side, the red ring is not a glacis but a ditch From the south the Wien, oozing across the glacis, pours its foul odors into the Danube Canal. The faubourgs consist of straight ugip streets, with houses and shops, mostly mean and straggling; for here the dingy dynasties of King Dirt and King Dilapida tion have not yet been dethroned by the modern builder's revolutionary trowel. While smidst this poor and tumbling region, and on its margins, masons who never architects have foisted designed with just so much art and taste as might suffice for a barn. besides barracks, storehouses, custom-houses, stables, and other stuccoed receptacles of civil and military lumber. Little movement nlivens these murky purileus, except along the approaches to the three railways which Vicuna from west, south, and north, and even there the circulation is not very The inner city is of such narrow extent that a moderate walker, entering it from the glacis, and coming out on the opposite side, can easily cross the whole diameter in a quarter of an hour. But the secondary arte-ries of this dross labyristh are no narrow and second to be commodison for beavy and brunered buschess, so that by this means the male cide of locusposms is ruched into a stude candrie which being tradit of provincial A posted with curriages, wagons The Streenglatz is the discaling being the s, me many others we, through indeed, that the stevers or when the married and debut he ato Mr. and they have been in the observed, to the art the Concession Steams came column to returnly list albeits, to the states the Rothers cores Strenger down ASS to the Describe Canal very related, by heldigs, in the chief screen to

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the Burg, and afterwards the glacis. The foot of the shank, bending away from the point where the Kohlmarkt flows out of the Graben, continues onwards past the plazzas colled the Hoff and Freyung, till in this way again the green is gained by what in old imes was the Schotten Thor, or Scottish Gate. Whoever considers it an exhibarating pastime to look at the dirtlest and slowest of European omnibuses, and be pushed into gutters and under the wheels of flacres, should pend his days in the Stefansplatz and the Karnthner Strasse, But the flaneur of Parisian perceptions will find little amuse-

ment outside of the Kohlmarkt and Graben. Whereas most great cities have an architectural physiognomy of their own, the Imperial capital has no air distinctive enough to make what Germans would call a Stadtindiciduum. Containing a few buildings specifically Italian, and others of specifically ferman cast, the predominating style is a compromise between north and south, a barbaric renaissance which owes its bastard birth to Germanized Italians and Italianized Germans. The Austrians never were a "culpre-people," but their Italian antecedents bave taught them some sympathy with Italian art, and they have often brought architects across the Alps to beautify their cities. Whether from bad taste in the employers, or ignorance in the employed, the results have here been insignificant. instance, although the Graben is not devoid of superficial charm, and wears a brighter, more natural look than the Greek mockeries of Munich and the peop'ed solitudes of Berlin, its buildings are chiefly of the nondescript sort. Houses with steep roofs and dormers are jumbled against houses topped with parapets over whish no tiles appear; stone facades, with balconies, scrolls and portals, lean on plastered fronts without ornaments or mouldings; bel-etages and mezzanins of dwelling apartments and showsaloons elbow garrets and lumber-rooms. There are no frowning cornices or fine profiles, no fascinating curiosities of outline, no sharp contrasts of light and shade, no breaks of perspective. One main defect, inexcusable in a climate where sun abounds, is the exaggerated area of openings as compared with wall. Great architecture is sparing of windows, for when glass takes the place of solids there is always an apparent loss of dignity and strength. In all the Graben there is one gateway worth notice, an entrance next a hop, flanked by two heavy Atlantes. At the end near the Stefansplatz there were some gabled deformities which broke the monotony of the whole; but these malerisch accidents brick and mortar have been abolished. How a city so bankrupt as Vienna can find funds to rebuild the ruins, seems an unanswerable problem. The cases of Vienna are not sumptuous in frontage or fittings. The shops have neither the splendor nor the supplies which would be found in many provincial cities of England and France. of them, bowever, have well-painted emblems, and some of the houses are richly bedizened with metallic letters. A row of flacres helps to narrow the roadway, where, besides some striped marquees erected for the sale of beer. ices, and wine, is a growth of twisted and gilded stone, meant to be commemorative or suggestive of the Holy Trinity, while further on water plashes over the brim of a somewhat

The private equipages of Vienna, especially those belonging to the court, are of lumbering and unfinished build; the horses, though fleet, wiry beasts, have not the sleek, showy air wanted for street effect; the jehus and lackeys are ill clad and appointed. He must, indeed, have ingenious eyes who discerns those armies of Hussars, Heyducs, Pandours, and other barbaric creatures to whose picturesque presence imaginative travellers ascribe that semi oriental air which they fondly believed to pervade the streets of Vienna. On the other hand, the flacres are the best in Europe. At the central stand. the broughams for winter, and the caleshes for summer use, seem to be always bran new. and the drivers' pace is more killing than that of any other coachman, except the Istvoschiks of St. Petersburg. The love of the lazy Viennese for carriage exercise almost exceeds that of the Neapolitans; four centuries ago Æneas Sylvius noted with wonder the universal predominance of this passion. The flacre drivers are the spoilt children of the public; it is usual to remunerate them on the most reckless scale. As natives seldom give less than a florin for a course of two or three minutes' duration, attempts to nail the men to the tariff provoke torrents of slang. The Viennese have an oriental tolerance of obscene objurgations; any foul-mouthed ruffian who out-Herods his neighbor is sure to raise a laugh,

Outside the shops and cafes lounge whitecoated officers, and civilians whose tollettes have cost them much trouble yet produced small commensurate results. Austrian ladies of the better sort do not go on foot, so that the female honors of the pavement are done Furstin Phryne, Grafin Lais, and other like Frauleins, assisted perhaps by amateur houries, mostly black-eyed and black-haired, tall, loose in look and gait, decently dressed whose affection, if not always given for money's sake, may freely be got for love. This method, which encourages corruption by removing one of its chier reproaches and gilding it with a pretense of sentiment, brands the course of Vienna life, in the middling and lower ranks at least, with a preeminence in a form of depravity that the more easily escapes notice since it has long since taken its place as a recognized social institution, and knows neither scruples, blushes, nor remorse.

and is likely to be called a wit.

An evening stroll up to the Graben and Kohlmarkt may be conveniently prolonged through the Schwibbogen—for thus the tun-nel of the Burg is called—into the Palace

square, called the Franzensplatz. Here the admirers of the Imperial House may tarry to contemplate the graven image of Kaiser Franz, standing in stiff chancery attitude on a lofty pedestal, whose superscrip tion explains what no one would otherwise have guessed, that the defunct Hapsburg ruled his people in love. At the feet of the gaoler of Silvio Pellico crouch Fortitude, Religion, Peace, and Justice. Had he been represented as trampling on those virtues, the sculpture would have lost nothing in historic truth, and would, besides, have served as a commentary on the motto annexed-Amorem meum populis meis. A probable explanation of the methods of government heretofore employed by sovereign may be seen in front of the facade of the quadrangle. On a long guard house, with a row of benches outside, repose the grim forms of the Austrian soldiery; while an apparatus of arms, artillery, standards, double-pated eagles, schwarzgelb biens complete the characteristic symbolic pictures of K. K. majesty. Diving through an archway next the watch, we pass from the value into the open, where a strip of levelled placis is screened from the road by an iron ralling topped with gold spear-heads, planted with trees, diversified by paths, beds, benches ad fountains, so as to afford shade and rest

amid the summer's beat. The largest portion of this garden is less remarkable for elegance of design or splendour of shrubs and flowers, than for the jealousy with which the public are shut out. Such exclusion must rest on the dog and the manger principle, for royalty seldom if ever presses the turi or gravel with its subl me heel. The Imperial precincts stop at a little hill which bounds the esplanade of the Burg Thor, whose Dorle propylers are threaded by the thoroughtare that runs into the Kohlmarkt. On this esplana ie are Fernkorn's bronze statues of Prince Eugenio and the Archduke Charles. Eugenio Von Savoye-for thus the Italian Abbe, snubbad by France and turned to account by Germany, loved to write his name-was placed on his coign of vantage just before the outbreak of the late war. The "edle Ritter," as a charack doggerel of Austria styles the conquerer of Zenta and Turin, costumed as a nilitary cavalier, with the hat and clubbed hair of the grand siecle, sits a battle-horse of the ponderous old Flanders breed, who rears up at a steep angle, so as to threw an uncomfortable weight of gun-metal on his hind-quarters. The pedestal, an elaborate compound of brenze and marble, looks double the proper size to eyes accusiomed to the standing provided Michel Angelo for the horse of the Capitol, while its simplicity and apparent strength are hurt by metal scrolls, mouldings, shields, figures, dates, and other devices. The animal's forelegs are stiff, and the head hugs the neck too closely, so that the outlines of this part are indistinct, bindquarters are vigorous and well modelled. Then the ilder's seat is adapted to a quiet, not to a prancing horse, an error which spoils Peter the Great's equestrian figure on the Isaak's Platz at St. Petersburg Modera works are seldom presentable from more than a single point of view; while the ancient and mediæval artist, whether in a building, statue, or ivory, remembered that a bad profile would spoil a perfect front. Prince Eugene s in the usual case; and what is unfortunate, both he and his steed are best seen from the rear. At present the tint of the group-a yellow bronze not of the real golden hue-repeats the color of the plaster facades of the Burg which run behind, so that to a person approaching from the glacis, man and horse are not enough detached from their background. The Archduke Charles should be too well known to need description. The horse plunges up in a daring attitude; the victor of Aspern waves a flag with triumphant gesture; the lines of the composition are full of energy and slancia. It the execution is less elaborated than in the companion piece, it must be granted that the bronze Archduke well embodies the idea which the action given to him and to his horse ought to express -movement; while the Prince, in his attitude of unstable equilibrium, tails to present the notion which his image seeks to convey-

Behind the tail of the Archduke's charger is the second garden, which is smaller and meaner than the first, devoted to the recreation of the vulgar, and hence called the Volksgarten. Here there is shadow enough to protect the lounger from the sun. Some parched grass, a few beds of azaleas, asters, and geraniums, two marble basins, and several gravel walks, enliven an enclosure hardly bigger in area than the green of an average London square. At the far end is a reproduction of the Temple of Theseus, whose Doric facade, being jammed under a neighboring bastion, instead of being perched on the summit, wears a look of meanness and caricature, and adds nothing to the pomp of the place. Next the Archduke Charles is the corner devoted to the pleasures of which we are about to speak.

We have remarked, on another occasion, that the Austrians proper are an inhospitable set, and satisfied with society in very homeeopathic doses. There is, however, no other city in Europe where such ample provision is made for the amusement of all classes, or where such provision as exists is so greedily The climate of Vienna is fickle quickly rushing from the temperature of the torrid to the temperature of the frigid zone, abounding in treacherous gusts of hot and cold, in dust-storms, whirlwinds, and all the other weapons of the armory of the Prince of the Power of the Air. But the summer season has something of the radiant glow, the Elysian warmth, of Italy, so that there exist all the atmospheric conditions necessary for a sauntering, founging, jovial out-door existence. The beauti island, called the Prater, is little frequented by the Viennese of the better sort, except in winter and spring, and then more as a theatre for the display of clothes, carriages, and horses, than as a park haunted for exercise and health. In summer, when the umbrageous glades, the bosky paths, the fresh turf, the grazing deer, should tempt people pent in a populous city to a moment of cool repose, the Viennese prefer to flock to beer gardens and guinguettes. These abound in all quarters, are of all sizes and styles, from the smart enclosure with gilt railings, painted kiosks, spruce attendants, and fine company to the mere cabaret with its scrap of dusty grass in front of the road or street, its rough benches, slipshod waiters, and dirty guests. The beer is always good, the music often matchless, especially in the semi-aristocratic Volksgarten. This scene of creature comforts deserves a

moment's special attention. Beneath a group of trees are two rotundas for music, a Kursaal for promenading or dancing, a score or so of little white tables, a few hundred white wooden chairs, with a sufficient appendix of grass and gravel, the whole separated on cer-tain evenings from the rest of the Volksgarten by barriers improvised of nets and poles. On such occasions the garden presents a sparkling spectacle. An orchestra, conducted by the younger Strauss, occupies the pavilion of the Kursaal, and a band from one of the regiments in garrison plays in the outer rotunda The tables are crowded with military and civilians, lounging, smoking clgars and cigarettes, sipping coffee or swilling beer: with gaily dressed ladics, staring, chatting, nib-bling ices, and munching cakes; while between the orchestras a current of walkers way to and fio. The aristocracy are seldom present, partly because at the season when out-door pastimes become pleasant the grand world begins to quit Vienna: partly because in the narrow limits of the Volksgarten they cannot well escape the degrading contact with that middle-class element of which the company chiefly consists. Diplomacy musters in force, and a group of Fetials usually clusters near the entry of the Kursaal. They talk languidly, but they seem to be set ling the affairs of Europe, for round about them, with ears pricked up, hover the representatives of the Vienna press, ready to torture every frown or smile into some grave fact in toe destinies of mankind. Next sits the countess from Constantinople, who, accompapied by a wrinkled harridan, tricked out in the most flaunting tollette that can be devised by the mantua-makers of the Kohlmarkt, and enamelled with chalk and rouge, casts from time to time demure glances at the diplomaic detachment. Hard by some amateur | some of the best of these to holes and corners, | Jezebel parades her conquests before the eyes of all the world, and outdoes or marred by contact with neighboring defor-

table has a military garrison. The officers bave well-built, well seasoned figures, and crimson, cherry, mauve, orange, blue, in all shades and species, so as to afford distinctive which, unlike the Burn Thor. expressive, manly faces. They wear the white Waften trocks of the line, faced with marks to each of eighty regiments. The predominating pipeclay is brightened by the cobalt tunies of the generals, the green coats and plumes of the Imperial aides-decomp, the grey su'ts and cocks' feathers of the Jagers, the brown frocks and gilt Greek nelmets of the cuirassiers. These, and a dozen other variet'es of a uniform comfortable and useful for wear, never init to give color, glitter, and move-ment to the festive scene. Although gifted with a scanty store of intellectualism, Austrian officers are almost always notable good manners, and the swashbuckler style finds no favor amongst them. In the remote towns of the Venetian kingdom Ancient Pistol and Captain Bobadil used sometimes to be caught swaggering about the empty streets, but such sights are scarcely to be seen in the more central provinces of the empire, The officers are superior in breeding and appearance to those of France, which follows from the relative infusion of the aristocratic element into the higher ranks of the respective services. In the Austrian army thirty-three out of every hundred officers are of blue blood, while in the army of France scarcely ten per cent, of the corps of officers belong to noble families. It is not safe to jump to the conclusion that these figures may explain Austria's late defeats, for in the Prusslan army the bourgeo's class is much more weakly represented than in the Austrian-to the extent, namely, of not more than fitty per cent. Neither is there any ground for the prevalent notion that Austrian office s are the effeminate slaves of kid gloves, varnished boots, and ornamental tailoring. They bestow so much attention to the neatness, cleanness, and fit of their uniforms as beseems the wearers of the Hapsburg livery; but the mere foppery of male dress is not a Viennese epidemic.

On festive evenings the tables of the Volksgarten are always dotted with giant glasses of that excellent beer which, like Bohemian pheasants, Hungarian Tokay, and Styrian iron, is an article that cannot be matched out of Austria. The empire has above 3200 breweries, and the product of the mash-tuns, besides comforting millions of thirsty souls, helps the country's revenues with the duty levied on it as an article of primary consumption; and if the flavor of the bottled liquid could be brought up to that of the draught, Austrian competition would surely endanger the prospects of Burton-upon-Trent. appears, indeed, that in Paris and elsewhere so called "Leitmeritzer" begins to be a dangerous rival to pale ale. The biggest Austrian brewery, viz., that of Dreher, at Klein-Schwechat, near Vienna, cannot, however, compare in importance with one of our creat English establishments. Barclay & Perkins brew at least 14,000,000 gallons a year, and employ 1800 hands, while Dreher may brew 5,000,000, and employs 800 hands. The total amount of beer annually made in Austria is 172,000,000 gallons, or less than onethird of the British yield, and hardly 15 per cent, more than that of little Bavaria. On this showing the Bavarians should be terrible topers, but a comparatively large quantity of their product travels abroad. The Austrian malt liquor is not, except in the cities, a com-mon drink for the humbler classes; for wine, even out of the grape countries, is a cheaper beverage. Tastes can neither be disputed nor be described, and so those whose ill luck has prevented them drinking Vienna beer must be satisfied to hear that it is less bitter, less capiteux, and more ethereal in flavor than Bass and Allsop, weaker in alcohol, and more neutral in taste than other German beers; above all, that, when poured into a glass fresh from a cask just brought up from the ice-cellar, it glows like fluid amber, and is crowned with a delicate beading of bubbles, which are true bubbles of the air, and not, like the soapy foam of Scotch ale, bubbles of the earth. To sip from a glass of Lager, puffing wreaths from a cigarette choice Latakia, while you gaze vaguely up to a sky fiaming with the gold and crimson of a Danubian sunset, and catch the rhythm of waltzes and mazurkas-this is the perfection of ignorant and mechanical bliss. And nowhere else is such blessedness so surely to be found. For here is material luxury enough to lap the being into a Sybaris of indolence and delight, to beauty but the beauty of the heavens to trouble the vision, no sound but the hum of silver voices and the voluptuous pulsations of music to agitate the ear. Here no monumental splendors beckon up the ghosts of vanished greatness to agitate the spirit with tales of the glorious and the good, no enchanting breath of the balmy south melts the heart to poetry, romance, and love. Such feelings, sublime or soft, are from the Volksgarten, far from Vienna. The genius of the place is one that bids you live while you live, for to-morrow you die. And by living he means the life of the body and the death of the soul-eternal jollity of the superficial sort-eating, drinking, dancing, gambling. with all the round of the pastimes that best heip to dumb forgetfulness of whatever might enlarge and educate the mind. From the Volksgarten we proceed, by a

natural transition, to the new part of Vienna. In Metternich's time architectural improvement kept pace with other sorts of Austrian innovation. While building on the large scale was the order of the day in Berlin and Munich-yes, even in Carlsruhe and Stuttgart-in Vienna not a brick was laid. The revolutionary impetus of 1848 drove the Swabian mind into certain new grooves, producing, besides other feelings, a desire to see the capital beautified, or at least enlarged. After nine years of hesitation it was decided to connect the inner city with the suburbs, girding the glacis with two circular boulevards. The area between these was to be filled with streets and squares, the plan of the whole to have specific reference to beauty as well as to use. The situation was admirable, but money was scarce, and could only be got by fatal sacrifices of aesthetic effect. The original design included the erection of a series of public edifices. Accommodation of this sort was urgently wanted. Decent lodgment was needed for the Opera, the University, the Public Library, the Museums, the Municipality, the Parliament, and so forth. The funds requisite for the execution of this scheme were to be realized by the sale of parts of the glacis as building room for private speculation. But in order to insure financial success, it was neces sary to bring to the hammer the very plots of ground which should have been reserved for public purposes. Thus unrivalled opportunities were lost; systematic embellishment became impossible; mere masonry grew up at the points where real architecture was most required; dwelling-houses, built in view of the largest and quickest returns from the tenants of apartments and shops, took the place of official constructions, consigning some of the best of these to holes and corners,

the scandal of professional sin. Another mity. Such being the conditions under which table has a military garrison. The officers the sediles have had to work, no wonder if, in spite of remarkable the general result bids fair upon the glacis, so as to embrace a short chord of the inner city. On emerging from the Karnthner Strasse, the spectator finds a boulevard of Parisian proportions, branching right and left-in other words, to west and east of him. On the right hand the so-called Opern and Burg Rings run towards the Volksgarten, terminating abruptly on the glacis. On the left the Karnthner, Kolowrat, Park, and Stuben Rings continue in the direction of the Danube Canal, closing with the new Kursaal of the Stadt Park.

Austria's impoverishment was complete enough even before the advent of those

humane locusts whose well-bred but whole-

sale devastations have caused to the industry

ard agriculture of the invaded provinces double the damage which would have been suffered from plunder conducted on more brutal and more sporadic principles. However, even if the empire were to suspendipayment, the municipality of Vienna would contrive to beg or borrow a few millions of florins for the completion of Null and Siccatdsburg's new opera house, which forms the focus of the Ring Strasse. It would of course be dull to describe and premature to judge a building still partly covered with sceffolding, to whose walls, moreover, the exterior ornamentation has not yet been applied. Some Austrian critics think the ew opera would require a course of Banting to reduce it to elegant proportions, and its tendency to overgrown width must be admitted. Others fancy that the facades are too thickly settled with pllasters. Still at its present stage it has a look of greater originality than its new French rival, while its renalssance mode', with the appropriate courses of arry arcades, arches, porticos, attics, seems a more romantic and congenial home for the lyric drama than the ponderous orders and domes of the classical temple of the Boulevards. A feature of the new Austrian theatre will be a loggia decorated with scenes suggestive of the masterpieces of operatic art On one wall Figaro will scamper after Rosina, and apply the soapsuds to Bartolo's reluctant beard. On another, the awful Sarastro will admonish Papageno and Tamina in respect of the conduct to be observed in the sanctuary of Isis and Osiris. Opposite the new opera, on the opposite side of the boulevard, is a palatial edifice for apartments or shops, called he Heinrichshof. This block of renaissance building consists of a basement, a low mazcanin or entresol, a bel-etage of lofty dimensions three stories of fair beight above, with dwarfed flanking towers, forming attics on the top, the whole planned in flats and divided by inner yards and courts, which give air, light, and access to the several compartments of this vast architectural warren. The basement is built of courses of white stone, with joints deeply channelled in the rusticated Italian style, and arched openings for shops. The face of the next tour stories is red, while the final story and attics are decorated with detached figures colored in fresco on a background of blazing gold. There are no orders on the front, but the windows and string-courses are adorned with grotesque scrolls, masks, helmets. heads, and every other sort of sculptured adjunct. The whole is topped by an architrave raised on a row of term-like consoles, the cornice being capped on the wings by a balustrade, between the towers by a line of light mouldings, along which, to break the sky-line, are placed, in stone vases, a few gigantic plants of green cactus. It seems useless to write criticism of detail on objects not in the beat of ordinary travel ers. Suffice it, then, to say, that if the Heinrichshof were less heavily charged with ornaments, it by means of heavy jambs and hoods, or other masonic devices an air of greater firmness were given to the shops in the basement, if the window surface were reduced, if the consoles of the entablature looked as well in profile as they do when viewed in front-if, in fine, the cornice had been of a more massive build, the masterpiece of the architect, Hansen, would have been one of the best productions of these degenerate days. Oartimorous modern taste, which cal s clear colors tawdry, cannot appreciate the beauty of buildings like the Brignole Rosso at Genoa, and the Red Hospital of the Sforzas at Milan. What, indeed, say our critics, could have been more bor barous than that elephantine colossus with which that bungler Perieles defaced the temple of Pallas Athene? What so hideous as a Parthenon, with pediment gilt, and painted by Phidias? What more vulgar than a Venus from the chisel of Praxiteles, hung with bracelets and tinted pink? We cannot attempt to particularize the other notable sights of the Ring Strasse, but

the palace now occupied by the Archduke Wilhelm deserves notice as a fine specimen of modern renaissance. It consists of a middle block, and two wings thrown far enough back to prevent monotony of plan, the whole faced with deeply channelled yellow stone. The windows are smaller than the prevalent model, and free from ornaments or orders; the great doorway is simple and solid, the balconies are of rusticated work, with hewn props for pil ars, the cornice being surmounted by a columniated balustrade. This building belongs to the proprietor of the Erzherzog Carl Hotel, who will hereafter transfer his establishment hither. Nearly opposite the hotel is Zannetti's Palace of the Prince of Wurtemberg, a neo-Napoleonic detormity, plated over with pillars and crowned with a hideous truncated dome. Above the entrance is a pediment which seems to have slid down from the top of the palace, and is filled with sculpture of Edgeware Road school, descriptive of what appear to be military incidents in the the House of Wurtemberg. edifice, the work of an artist from Munich, is the architectural Zero of the King, and its ugliness will be more apparent on the completion of Ferstel's Palace for the Erzberzog Ludwig Victor-a performance that seems to promise well. Nor can much be said for the bulbous minarets of Garben's new Kursaal, which marks the beginning of the Stadt Park the termination of the boulevard, and the end of our present promenade.-Cornhill Magazinc.

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PHILADRIPHIA, December 31, 1866.

Will be sold at public auction, on account of the
United States, at the Schuy still Arsonal, Gray's
Ferry Road, Physidelphia, I'a., on PRIDAY,
January 11, 1867, at 10 o'clock A M and will be
continued from day to day until all are sold, the
following named articles of Damaged Gloching and
Lquipage, viz:—

Rubber and Painted Axes, Blankets, Infantry Cests, Cantons, Hespital Tonte, Wall Tenta, Sibley and Common Tenta Haversacks, Krapsacks, BOKETS, Stockings; Soules (Brams). Musicat Instruments, Etc. Redencks.

Spaces, The property must be removed within ten (10) days The property man to transfer upon application at this Office or at the Office of ARMY CLOIHING AND EQUIPAGE, No. 1139 GIRARD Street.

Jerma-Cash in Government funds.

By order of Brig. Gen. GFO. H. UROSMAN,
Assistant Quartermaster-General, U. S. Army.
BENRY W. JANES,
Captain and A. Q. M., Brevet Major, U. S. A.,
12 31 10t; Executive and Inspecting Officer.

SALE OF OLD AND UNSERVICEABLE CANNON, SMALL ARMS, AND MISCEL-LANEOUS ORDNANCE STORES.

BUREAU OR ORDNANCE,

NAVY DEPARTMENT,

WASHINGTON CITY, December 18, 1866.

On the tenth (10th) day of January, 1867. THURSDAY, at Boon, there will be sold at public anction,
in the NGRFOLK NAVY YARD, to the highest
bidder, a lot of old and unserviceable cannon,
small arms, and miscellaneous articles of naval
ordnance.

The cannon, shot, and shell will be sold by the pound, and the small arms and other miscellaneous articles of ordunce in lots to suit purchasers. 1erms-One-half cash in Government funds, to be deposited on the conclusion of the sale, and the remainder within ten days afterwards, during which time the articles must be removed from the Navy Yard, otherwise they will revert to the Government.

12 15etuth (1 10) Chief of Bureau.

PROPOSALS

UNITED STATES MILITARY RAILROAD OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., December 20, 1866.
Sealed Proposals will be received at this office until 12 M., MONDAY, Jacuary 14, for the purchase, from the United States, of five thousand (5000 Folded Lip Railroad Chairs, suitable for 45th, "T

Rafl.

These Chairs are now stored at the works of Corning & Winslow, Troy, New York.

Samples may be seen at this office, or at the United States Quartermaster's Office in New York city, Philadelphia, Pa., or Louisville, Ky.

Terms—Cash, in Government funds.

F. J. CRILLY,

12 20 13t Byt. Col. and A. Q. M., U. S. Army.

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